

George Colman, Esq;

ANALYSED;

BEING

*641. e. 24,
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A VINDICATION

OF HIS

JEALOUS WIFE,

Against his malicious ASPERSIONS.

WITH

Criticism (B.)

A DEDICATION to the celebrated
PHILOBIBLIAN.

Mrs. Oakley. You are my greatest Enemy—
Major. Your truest Friend.—

LONDON:

Printed for J. SCOTT, at the Black Swan, in
Pater-Noster Row.

M. DCC. LXI.

George Colman, Esq;

A. N. A. B. Y. S. E. D.

BEING

A VINDICATION

OF HIS

LIBALOUS WILF.

Against his malicious Aspersions.

WITH

A DEDICATION to the celebrated
PHYSICIAN

Mr. Colman, You are my greatest Enemy—
Alas! Your misanthropy—

LONDON

Printed for J. JOHNSON, at the Strand, in
St. Martin's Lane.

1783



TO THE
Universal BIBLIOPOLIAN,
Piccadilly-Philibiblian.

Most egregious Sir,

THE liberty I have taken, of sheltering the following sheets under the auspicious protection of your celebrated name, without your immediate permission, could not, I confess, have been attoned for by any apology, had not the subject of them been that, in which I have often heard you declare yourself strongly interested; and their tendency been, to copy your favourite maxims.

Yes, Sir, it is from yourself I have borrowed that principle, on which the ensuing observations are founded.

A

No,

DEDICATION.

No, Sir, never can I forget that truly noble classic ardor, with which you bravely routed no small audience of unbelieving moderns in your Palladian Philobibulum:

Hic renovatur bonos, hic sacrae Palladis arces.

“ Tell me, said you, shew me one author, who has wrote in any language, on
“ any subject, within these hundred years,
“ that has a single sentiment of his own:
“ —say what you will in defence of them,
“ they are all trash; borrowed indeed
“ from the ancients, but so piteously mangled and disfigured in the copy, that all
“ the original beauty is lost—*vix ea nostra*
“ *voco*”.

It was about the middle of August, Anno Domini 1758, when the canine influence of the starry firmament was in its meridian vigour, that I was blest with this seasonable reflection; and neither night nor day hath passed since that time, in which I have not seen the truth of it verified in the strongest manner. My mind has constantly been intent on this point: I have been continually labouring from
your

DEDICATION.

your model; and at last I flatter myself, an opportunity has offered, favourable to my views, and happy for the public.

Greek, learned Sir, you know, is a language, which furnishes to the intelligent reader, a great number of *isms*. For which reason I humbly conceive it is, that whatever is borrowed from that language is called a *Grecism*. There are SCHISMS, PAROXYSMS, PRISMS, APHORISMS, CATECHISMS, PLAGIARISMS, &c. all useful words and applicable to any dispute whatsoever. The chief of these is *Paroxysms*, which always makes a considerable figure in polemics, as there is scarcely any disorder of mind or body, but either is itself, or has its rise from a *paroxysm*. Not to mention the gout, stone, *rheumatism* (another *ism*) &c. There is the paroxysm of *jealousy*, the paroxysm of *love*, the paroxysm of *anger*, the paroxysm of *religion*, the paroxysm of *revenge*, and the paroxysm of *envy*, which last has lately promoted the discovery of another, called by *periodical physicians*, the paroxysm of APPLAUSE.

It seems, Mr. Colman, (I mean the gentleman mentioned in my title page) like

DEDICATION.

an ill-natured gentleman (as he certainly is, tho' to be sure that is not owing to the *wickedness of his wit*) has made up a large dose of the *jeu de theatre*, which was so strong, that it threw the galleries, and, I have heard, part of the pit too, into this same *paroxysm of applause*. This was indeed a very melancholy accident, and calls aloud for an effectual remedy. For this purpose, therefore, I have often thought it would be highly proper, that the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre should be obliged under articles legally executed, to have a skilful surgeon attending at every door of the house constantly (excepting oratorio nights) with a sufficient number of assistants; and that no person be suffered to go in, till he hath submitted to the operation of phlebotomy, in such quantity as his particular constitution may require. In the mean time out of my fervent desire of redressing this evil abovementioned, I have prepared some emollients to correct the stimulus of these peccant humours and restore the patients to some degree of ease and tranquility. This I shall endeavour to effect by applying a new caustic of my own invention to a large fungose excrescence of plagiarism, on one side of Mr. Colman's head,

DEDICATION.

head. As the event may afford an additional proof of the truth of *your* assertion, you will not, I hope, think it totally unworthy your notice, which will be esteemed the greatest of all honours, by him, who is

Most egregious Sir

With the profoundest admiration

Your constant auditor

And frequent customer

JM
WITT. CRITICISM.

GEO.

DEDICATION.

As the great many who are in addition
to the end of the year, you
will not, I hope, think it really unworthy
your notice, which will be offered for
the benefit of all persons, by him who is

Most respectfully,

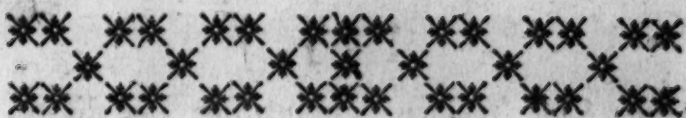
With the profoundest admiration,

Your constant admirer,

Wm. Freeman Carpenter

Wm. Freeman Carpenter

GEO.



GEO. COLMAN, Esq;

A N A L Y S E D, &c.



LCIBIADES, in that dialogue of *Plato* called the *Banquet*, speaking of his preceptor *Socrates*, compares him to certain boxes in apothecaries shops, upon which were painted strange, grotesque figures, such as harpyes, satyrs, flying beasts and the like ridiculous fictions, but which contained the most useful medicines, ointments and perfumes. Thus *Socrates*, if considered as to his outward appearance, was a mere *lusus naturæ*. His gestures were more awkward than those of the famed *Galligantus*; his nose sharper than *Yorick's*; his manners as simple and rustic as his countenance; his fortune as ragged as his cloaths, and his wife as great a virago as a *Billinggate* vendress of testaceous, submarine animals: He would still be laughing at the world like honest *Democritus*, and still like the inimitable

table *Sam Johnson*, concealing his divine knowlege from mankind, by quaint speeches and ironical similies. But view him divested of these peculiarities, and you find his understanding more than human; you find him aspiring to virtue as the only desfireable acquifition, and looking down with magnanimous contempt on those important trifles, which cause so much bustle; envy, pride, malice and bloodshed in this scrambling world.

But how does this strange preamble concern the subject before us, "the analysis of *George Colman, Esq.*" Reader, I will inform you with all convenient speed.

There are strange people in the world who think they can form an idea, if not absolutely an opinion of a book, from the very advertisement of it in the news papers. If the title is *shandical* and mysterious, they immediately conclude the contents are of the same family. But how fallacious this method of determining is, let the wise and learned pronounce; for to their judgment, and to their judgment alone I appeal. *Fronti nulla fides.* The muses often are concealed under tattered garments, and
many

many a pearl has been found between the rugged shells of an oyster.

*Musa frequens panno sedata; Stalagmia concha.
Plurima clausa latent.*

Suppose now, my apothecary, Mr. Graham, should take down the uppermost drawer but one in the north east corner of his shop, and rub out the letters *Cort. Peruv.* inserting in the place of them, my title page, would any one who does not believe in transubstantiation, imagine that by this process the *bark* was changed into George Colman?——Good!

SHAK.

Every sensible fellow knows that to talk nonsense with a grace, displays a man of genius as much at least as

“Twisting of the wit and brains.”

Nay, it may perhaps with some propriety be insisted, that none but men of sense *can* talk nonsense. And *they* have in all ages had an indisputable charter for that privilege. Surely then I, who (without vanity be it said) have been of some consequence in the great republic of letters

B

ters

ters, may be suffered to indulge myself out of the *Ieu de theatre*. Whenever an author thinks fit to avow himself to the world, he cannot be surprized or think himself mal-treated if his works are reviewed with all the severity of CRITICISM, and even his name, at length inserted. That Mr. Coleman may be a man of wit, I cannot be so uncivil as to deny—since I am not in the least acquainted with him. But if that is the case, it is much to be lamented, that he has not been a little more profuse of that faculty in the comedy now under review.—Wit is the very horse-radish to your roast-beef comedy. I would not here be thought to insinuate that the *Jealous Wife* is totally barren in that respect, or that it doth not contain some requisites to excite pleasure and applause. But as I am of the race of unbiaſſed critics who disdain to gloss over the errors of an author, because the public have in general been affected with a *paroxysm*; I cannot acquit myself of partiality, if I omit to mention some important truths, which Mr. Coleman has (for what reason I know not) thought proper to conceal.

That he has a secret veneration for the ancients appeared plainly from the first night
his

his comedy was brought upon the stage—I say no more at present. But why he has been so sneakingly subservient to the debauched taste of the present age, as to confess only his obligations to the moderns, is a problem that must be solved either by the supposition of his being studious to conceal his *real* plagiarisms, and strip the ancients of their prescriptive rights, to plant laurels on the brows of his own countrymen—or by the stranger Hypothesis of his being a very modest man.

As to his modesty, perhaps that is not quite so problematical as that of most of his fraternity: not to rake up the ashes of his brother Congreve.—It is perhaps on this account, that in his advertisement prefixed to the comedy, he observes, that “the use which has been made of Fielding’s admirable novel of Tom Jones must be obvious to the most *ordinary* reader;” insinuating, no doubt, that none but *ordinary* readers would give themselves the trouble of reading his performance. I cannot indeed but applaud the young man for entertaining so humble an opinion of his own abilities, (a quality very uncommon in this age,) but which however in the present case, has led

him into the error of not providing against the penetration of the *extraordinary* reader, who can find out a reason why he should chuse rather to fall into the hands of the superficial.—For by acknowledging himself indebted to Mr. Fielding for what he had *not* borrowed of him, he might with them at least have acquired the reputation of having

——traversed all the human heart,
Without recourse to *Grecian* art.

Last Easter-sunday as I was reading prayers in my own parish church at—— in the county of —— I was disturbed just in the beginning of the litany, with one of the congregation crying out in a voice more exalted than mine, to a fellow that was at some distance from him—"Hark ye, George, don't kneel down in my breeches, they're spick and span;—zookers! man, you'll make 'em all over dirt." The poor fellow was horribly out of countenance, for as I learned afterwards by his own confession he had borrowed these breeches to appear fine in, having none of his own that were fit to wear a'sundays. I would willingly have prevented the like disaster for the future, by giving him a pair of mine, but

but I unfortunately had but two, and my wife would always wear one of them. So that poor George was obliged to have recourse to the same expedient the next Sunday; but thought himself perfectly secure, as those he now borrowed, had lain by for near two generations, without being used. However, I had scarce got to the end of the creed, before his new friend, stooping towards him, said in a loud whisper, "never be afraid of my breeches, George, kneel down in 'em and welcome, they were my grandfather's, and no body in our town knows 'em partly."—Leaving our George to make the application, I proceed to pull off his grandfather's breeches.

The JEALOUS WIFE! *A Comedy! poor man!*

Truly oracular! I make no doubt but the ingenious Mr. Lloyd had a farther view in writing this line, than what may appear to the ordinary reader. Though he, indeed, has sufficiently explained his meaning a few lines afterwards.

Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store,

He does but what his betters did before.

Shake-

Shakespeare has done it, and the *Græcian* stage,
 Caught truth of character from *Homer's*
 page.

For who that has feasted on the beauties of the ancients (*maturâ literarum cognitione imbutus*) could overlook the absurdities of Mr. Colman's wretched plan? The subject it is true, though trite, might have afforded ample scope for the *tragic* pen; but when frittered into comedy, becomes exceedingly insipid and jejune.

Indeed I apprehend that the author of this comedy now under review, has submitted to this inconvenience, the better to conceal his frequent plagiarisms from the ancients. And as on this account, I may frequently, in the course of this *analysis*, have occasion to compare *modern comedy* with *antient tragedy*, the reader is desired not to be surprized, but to take notice, once for all, that this I apprehend to be the only proper method to unravel Mr. Colman's art of concealing; (part of which however it must be confessed, is probably contained in Mr. Garrick's tye-wig.—And to this conjecture, I am the more easily inclined, as I have not seen that modern ornament, on any
 other

other occasion, since it was dressed to meet the witches upon the heath, after all the powder had been beat out of it by the merciless Macdonel.)

The very opening of the piece, is a flagrant instance of the truth of this assertion; it is an exact imitation of that sublime passage with which *Homer* begins his *Iliad*

Μηνιν αείδε θεα.

Neither Mrs. Oakley nor her Archetype Achilles, make their appearance upon the Stage at the opening of their respective poems—we hear them *squabbling within*.

That this Character of Mrs. Oakley, as comically drawn, is extremely low and ridiculous, I cannot but agree with the multitude; for who but an author without penetration, or without experience, could ever suppose that fashionable persons in real life, have any passions at all. Human nature, Mr. Colman, is not human nature in high life; and, take my word for it, you never made a better observation than when you made Lord Trinket say—
“Nature never made such a thing as me.”

But

But had the buskin been chosen instead of the sock—*grandi altera vincita coturno*—there could have been no objection, had Mrs. Oakley looked ten times more like a fury, and used fifty times more barbarous expressions—she might have called her husband, and every body else in the play, all the popular names that may be pick'd up between Wapping and St. James's—All these when duly decorated with blank verse and dignity of expression, would have heightened the sentiments to
 “Passion, pathos, character, sublime.”

For whatever objection the *English* reader might have to such *round, big-words*, I can assure him that the *Greeks*, (from whom Mr. Colman has borrowed all his ideas, *servatâ semper lege et ratione*) scarce ever made use of any other arguments than these; which Logicians call *argumenta ad hominem*. Throughout the whole tragedy of the *Iliad*, we have constant instances of this polite kind of conversation, which have always been allowed by the most judicious of my relations to be like Mr. Lloyd's prologue, **TRULY SPIRITED AND POETICAL.** The Gods and Goddesses in particular, (persons of the *première volée*)
 address

address one another most solemnly and fervently with this language, in their cabinet councils, and the mortal heroes imitate them in the field.

I shall now proceed to more particular remarks.

Page 1. *Enter Mrs. Oakley with a letter—Oakley following.*

I look upon it as a singular merit, eye and an admirable beauty in the character of Oakley, that he should be introduced without the previous appellation of Mr. — which must, even to the ordinary reader, convey the strongest idea of that inferiority so characteristic of his character. — Besides, the circumstance of his entering *following* Mrs. Oakley, is finely contrived; for had it been otherwise, the judicious upper-gallery might have said, “*There goes a man and his wife,*” which I would inform the mere Greek reader, is the very reverse in the order of procession to a *woman and her husband.*

Page 2. Mrs. Oakley, “Did not I discover that you was great with Made-

D

“moiselle,

“ *moiselle, my own Woman?* ” It was no doubt a considerable encouragement and secret consolation to Oakley in this amour of his, that Achilles had formerly an intrigue of the same nature with the hand-maid Bryseis, whom Agamemnon expressly tells us he intended to take away, and make her *his wife's woman*; and it was no wonder, when he was supported by such good authority, that he should despise the little scurrility, which the Romans some few ages after threw out against such gallants, under the name of *Ancillarioli*; which was transmitted by them into England, and has lost no ground here since the Julian period. In other respects poor Oakley seems very much to resemble the *fidus Achates*, particularly in the circumstance of his being *lateri affixus*, as Virgil describes him, which Mr. Colman literally translates—tied to his wife's apron-strings—while she (page 2,) in answer to her husband, retorts Greek for Latin, and cries out with Homer's King of men — *αλλ' ἴθι* — go, go.

When Oakley (Page 3,) in obedience to her commands is *going* (as the margin informs us) he offers to take his leave with this speech:
 “ Why then, my dear, since you will nei-
 “ ther

“ther talk reasonably yourself, nor listen
 “to reason from me.”——*Oakley* no where
 appears to be any considerable conjurer,
 and therefore may not be supposed to have
 known, that those who do not talk reason-
 ably themselves, will never listen to reason
 from other people. And indeed, if he had
 not been a fool, he would never have at-
 tempted to talk reason at all, *at all*.—But she,
 good woman, knew better how to employ
 her talents.---*Ibid.* “Aye, go, you cruel
 “man!--go to your mistresses, and leave
 “your poor wife to her miseries.”---Just so,
 for all the world, said the Roman matron.

*I, pete furtivos nimium credulis amores,
 Dum viduâ languet credula sponsa domo,*

Poor Penelope was in the same taking:
Tamdiu vidua suo caruit viro. Plaut. Stich.
 I, I, 2.

Page 6.——*Major.* “I heard you, ding
 “dong, I faith.”——I am utterly unable
 to determine, from this speech, whe-
 ther the Major is more of a classic, or a
 bell-ringer (for at present the *train'd bands*
 seem to be entirely out of the question.)—
 Had he not been a classic, I am confident

he could never have spoke in metaphor; had he not been a bell-ringer, surely he could never have thought of such a metaphor as this,—Ding, dong, I'faith. —By this metaphor, and the religious asseveration following upon it, one would be apt to suppose that Mrs. Oakley and her husband had been ringing their peal in the church-bellfry. —

(*Ibid.* Major to Oakley) “You seem more “*ruffled* than usual?” This would have been more applicable to Mrs. Oakley's ruffles, than to those of her all-moderate spouse.

(*Ibid.*) Though the letter from *Russet* is not in imitation of that in the facetious *Rabelais*, written by *Grandgousier* to *Garagantua*, yet *Oakley's* remonstrances to *Charles*, put one in mind of the elegant harangue made by *Gallet* to *Pierochole* (chap. xxxi. book i.) And I cannot help observing, that as Mr. Colman has made so very free with the Antients on other occasions, I wish he had condescended to a closer imitation of this French classic; or indeed a literal translation of this passage, would have appeared to no small advantage.—When *Oakley* endeavours to awaken *Charles's* conscience, why did not he observe the pathetic *Gallet*? *Ou est foy?*
Ou

Ou est loy? Ou est raison? Ou est humanité?
Ou est crainte de Dieu? &c. So fine a figure
 in rhetoric, would have had a striking effect
 from Mr. Garrick's emphatical pronuncia-
 tion.—Where is faith? Where is law?
 Where is reason? Where is humanity?
 Where is the fear of God? This would
 naturally have produced that generous ex-
 clamation from Charles's mouth. (*Ibid*)
 "Decoyed my Harriot! I would sooner
 "die than do her the least injury." And
 that, I take it, is a very gentleman-like
 offer; for 'tis the last thing a man would
 chuse to do in this world.—

Which brings me to the next observation
 (page 7.)

The Major, resuming once more his regi-
 mental ideas, swears, he thinks the whole fa-
 mily is made up of nothing but *combustibles*.
 Here I cannot but say the character is very
 much obliged to Mr. Yates's manner of per-
 formance, for the applause this speech in par-
 ticular has met with. For my own part, I
 really could not help thinking that his
 mouth was stuffed with combustibles; and
 when he discharged the volley, expected
 to see his head blown off into the pit. But
 whether

whether the sudden projection of his bomb, might not be owing in some measure to the two tail-pieces planted at the bottom of his wig, I leave to the ingenious author of *Plain English*; or the more skilful Mr. Blakes, who constructed that capital engine, to determine.—But (asking the Major's pardon) I cannot understand what he means by saying the *whole* family is made up of nothing but combustibles; while there stands before his face so palpable an instance of the contrary in the image of his brother Oakley; of whom the audience cannot at this time suppose otherwise, than that if ever he was a combustible, he must have been let off long ago, to be reduced to such a *caput mortuum*. He seems, however, to be very apprehensive of the danger arising from the devil's being in them (which the Major informed him of) and with a becoming devotion, cries out: "Would to heaven I could quiet them for ever."——

(*Ibid.*) Major. "A letter! — hum! —
 "A suspicious circumstance to be sure! —
 "What, and the seal a true lover's-
 "knot now, hey! or an heart transfixt
 "with darts; or possibly the wax bore the
 "in-

“ industrious impression of a thimble ; or,
 “ perhaps, the folds were lovingly con-
 “ nected by a wafer, prickt with a pin,
 “ and the direction written in a vile scrawl,
 “ and not a word spelt as it should be, ha!
 “ ha! ha!” — Very bad humour. — One
 would think this was the fool Mercutio,
 copying his own nonsensical speech upon
 queen Mab. — “ *Shakespeare has done it.* ” —

The two next speeches are perhaps more
 beholden to the printer, than to the au-
 thor, for the objection which I am to make
 against them. —

Page 8. Oakley. — “ This outrageous
 “ jealousy is the devil.”

Major. “ Mere matrimonial blessings, and
 “ domestic comfort, brother! Jealousy is a
 “ certain sign of love.”

When I was making the tour of Italy in
 the year 1683, I remember to have seen
 in the Vatican, a manuscript, said to be
 written by the famous *Graschenhausius* in
 the seventh century, which to be sure was
 very much obliterated; but by those parts
 that were legible, seemed to have been a sa-
 tyrical

tyrical dialogue relative to one Virlibeera, a Jealous Wife of those times. — My last quotation from Mr. Colman may be found there verbatim in very fair characters, only with this difference, that the whole is put into one speech, as follows: *Furibunda hæc Zelotypia est ipse Diabolus, ipsa conjugialis felicitas, domestica consolatio et certum amoris indicium.*

As to what follows, I am amazed my brethren, the Critical Reviewers, have taken no notice of it, as it is far more reprehensible, than what they have quoted, and therefore would have made up to them in quality, what it wants in quantity. It is indeed so very absurd, and *deficient* in point of *wit*, *language*, and *sentiment*, that the reader will not need my assistance to direct his judgment:—I shall therefore give it to him, as it stands, without making any observations upon it.——

Oakley. Love! it is this very love that has made us both so miserable.—Her love for me has confined me to my house like a state-prisoner, without the liberty of seeing my friends, or the use of pen, ink, and paper; while my love for her has made
such

such a fool of me, that I have never had the spirit to contradict her.

Major. Aye, aye, there you've hit it; Mrs. Oakley would make an excellent wife, if you did but know how to manage her.

Oakley. You are a rare fellow, indeed, to talk of managing a wife—a debauch'd batchelor—a rattle-brain'd, rioting fellow—who have pick'd up your common-place notions of women in bagnios, taverns, and the camp; whose most refined commerce with the sex, has been in order to delude country girls at your quarters, or to besiege the virtue of Abigails, milliners, or mantua-makers' prentices.

Major. So much the better! so much the better! Women are all alike in the main, brother, high or low, married or single, Quality or no Quality. I have found them so, from a dutchess down to a milkmaid.

Oakley. Your savage notions are ridiculous.—What do you know of a husband's feelings? You, who comprise all your qualities in your *honour*, as you call it!

E

dead

dead to all sentiments of delicacy, and incapable of any but the grossest attachments to women.—This is your boasted refinement, your thorough knowledge of the world! while with regard to women, one poor train of thinking, one narrow set of ideas, like the uniform of the regiment, serves the whole corps.

Major. VERY FINE.—

Of the same nature is the remainder of this scene; the couch-scene in the second act; Mrs. Oakley and lady Freelove; and to the end of the third act; Harriot and Charles, and lord Trinket in the fourth; and almost the whole of the fifth. I mention them in this manner, to wash my hands of them at once, in the general way; with this restriction, however, that *some* particular observations are necessary to be made on these, as well as the other parts of the piece not yet mentioned.—

Page 9, *Major.* “Every woman’s a tyrant at the *bottom*.”—“There’s *common-place* for you with a vengeance.”—

(*Ibid.*)

(*Ibid.*) Major. "I know your's and Mrs. Oakley's disposition to a *hair*."

The author no doubt wrote it thus: "I know your's and Mrs. Oakley's disposition to a *bare*."

Page 10, Major. "Have at her with spirit, and the day's your own.—Assert your right boldly man."

Homer has it thus:

Ἀνδρες ἐστέ φίλοι, μνηστῆσθε δὲ θάρσος ἀλκῆς

And again:

Ἐν χερσὶ φάω, καὶ μελίσσῃ πολέμοιο.

In English thus:

Advance with spirit man—disdain to fly—
The day's your own, if you'll but mind
your eye.——

I should be very glad to wish Mr. Oakley, or any friend of Mr. Colman's, joy of the *day's* being his own, if that would ex-

clude him from the danger of a *curtain-lecture*.

Pag. 11. *Servant*—"The coach Sir, that is my mistress"—It seems, by this, that Mrs. Oakley had the nick-name of, *The Coach*, amongst her servants, and a very proper one it certainly was; whether we look upon it as a beautiful *metonymy*, (the thing containing, for the thing contained, as it appears that the coach never went out without the mistress) or whether we consider it as a parallel between the leathern-conveniency and the female-one, which were both hung upon springs, and always in agitation—In consequence of which, the servant runs, tells his mistress that "*she's order'd out*"—at which she, in the greatest surprize (as she well might) comes flying in, in the 15th page, "The coach *dines out!*" and with a degree of politeness, natural to people in a passion, demands, "Pray *Mr. Oakley*, what's the matter *you* cannot dine at home to-day?"

Pag. 14. *Major*. "I do know her ladyship—"

Charles.—"Well, and what do you know of her?"

Major.

Major. "O, nothing—" A second *Socrates*! Ουδεν γινωσκω πλην τε γινωσκειν υδεν—Anglice, This world's a pig in a poke—

Pag. 33. Lord Trinket. "*En bottine*.—" We should not have known that his lordship's boots were not English, had not the author taken this elegant method of letting us know they were *French*; which is a matter of considerable importance in this scene—

Pag. 34. Lord Trinket to Lady Freelove—
 "Nobody is so well qualified as your ladyship to give her (*Miss Harriot*) the "*Bon Ton*." His lordship is perfectly in the right, with regard to the *Bon Ton*; "the chief aim of which (as he says afterwards) is to render persons of family different from the vulgar—" The *Tons* are indeed very numerous---Most countries have their particular ones---*China* and *Covent-garden* have their *Cant-Ton*, which is lately extended to *Germany*; Britain has its *Ship-Ton*, *War-Ton*, *Hunting-Ton*, and its *Ton-gue*, properly called *Brit-ton*---But the most famous was in the possession of antient *Greece*, I mean *Ton-dapamaibomenos*.

menos, which generally constituted a *μεγαλη
ιαχη*---

Lord Trinket (*ibid.*)--- "Me, Madam,
" me."---Here his lordship displays his
learning. He never could have said this,
if he had not remembered that beautiful
speech of Nyfus, in the ninth book of Vir-
gil---Me, me, adsum---

Pag. 38. Lord Trinket---" This place,
" that chamber, the opportunity, all con-
" spire---" Mr. Farquhar tells us (in the
Stratagem) that a priest, a woman, and
French money, constitute a *plot*; Mr. Col-
man (in the *Jealous Wife*) informs us, that
a place, a chamber, and an opportunity,
make a *conspiracy*—A distinction highly ne-
cessary to be observed by those who have
the care of drawing up indictments---

(*Ibid.*) Lord Trinket --- " Your yelp-
ing"---A metaphor taken from dogs, which
his lordship certainly borrowed of Sir Harry
Beagle, who was, no doubt, an inti-
mate acquaintance of his brother Slouch
Trinket---It is of great service to his lord-
ship, and saves him the trouble of calling
the

the lady *damn'd bitch*,---which might have been rather inconsistent with the *Bon-Ton*---

Lord T. (*ibid.*) "Pox on't, what noise?" ---Here *Comedy* again betrays its natural impotence --- "Pox on't!" --- In *Tragedy* it would have been --- Confusion! s'death! death to my hopes---damnation, or other well-sounding words of the same idea; any of which will at any time beat *Pox on't* quite out of doors---in the opinion of any stage-nobleman---But I cannot in the least wonder at any *outré* expressions Lord Trinket makes use of in this place, as the whole scene is most egregiously out of character---The attack upon Miss Ruffet's virtue is really too martial an exercise for his lordship---It was introduced into Italy by the *God of War* himself, and his son *Romulus* (who was as great a hero as the best of 'em) in honour of it, instituted the famous game of ravishing the *Sabine* women, commemorated by the Romans to the latest period of their empire---How Mr. Colman came to be guilty of this impropriety can no otherwise be accounted for, than from his not being able to resist the temptation of borrowing where-ever he has an opportunity. The inimitable tragedy of *Cleona*
pro-

probably furnish'd this hint, at least as Mr. Lloyd seems very shrewdly to insinuate, by this line in the prologue,

A king the husband, and the wife a queen.

Pag. 39. Charles. "What do I hear? my "*Harriot's* voice calling for help?" It is no wonder that Charles should be surprized at so extraordinary a Thing as his *Harriot's voice calling*; but it is the same kind of surprize, that Pyramus expresses, in the Midsummer-Night's Dream---

"I see a voice, now will I to the chink,
"To spy, an I can hear, my *Thisbe's* face."

Pag. 48. From several circumstances in this scene, though the author has been tender enough to give no direct intimation of the matter, I cannot help suspecting that Mrs. O'Cutter was a very handsome woman, and that the noble lord who interested himself so much in her husband's preferment, had no small share in the child that was on the stocks---It was precisely at this time, that a gentleman who stood by me in the pit, turned his back on the performers, for fear, as I conjectured from his wig,
that

that he might be called upon to christen the child——

Pag. 49. Lord Trinket to Lady Freelove——

“To press a gentleman---a man of quality—one of us”—That Lady Freelove should be a gentleman, and a man of quality, or, as his lordship expresses it, “One of Us,” I should, notwithstanding her petticoats, make little scruple of believing, having the word of a nobleman for it; and, what one would think an infallible testimony of the truth of it, her own consent, in these words of her answer to him: “There may be something “in that indeed” — But that he (*Lady Freelove*) should be a woman at the same time, as he afterwards confesses to *Mrs. Oakley*, (pag. 53.) is what I cannot easily reconcile to my confined notions of human-nature; though, I do not pretend to say, it is absolutely *contrary to*, but only *above*, Reason——

(*Ibid.*) *Lady Freelove*——“But what use do you propose to make of this stratagem?”

Lord Trinket——“Every use in nature”——This is a pretty *doubleentendre*, alluding to his lordship’s intentions being thoroughly natural, but not quite so consonant to mo-

F

rality——

ality---His lordship proceeds---“This artifice.”---By connecting nature and artifice so nearly together, I am in doubt, whether our noble friend means *natural* artifice, or *artificial* nature. He has already declared, “Nature never made him;” perhaps he intends here to make Nature.---

Pag. 50. Lord *Trinket* bows and exit.---This respectful bow, which is made to Mrs. Oakley, in pursuance of Lady Free-love’s advice, is the only comic stroke in the whole piece, as it is nothing at all to the purpose, and gives such an agreeable intricacy to the plot, as must afford fine scope to the imaginations of the audience. Besides, as it is absolutely necessary, according to the primitive institution of the drama, that in every comedy, somewhere or other (no matter where) a bow should be made, in order to constitute genteel dialogue, the author, in my opinion, could not have pitched upon a more proper person for this purpose, than the right honourable the Lord Trinket.

Pag. 54. Lord Trinket solus. “So!---If
“ O’Cutter and his myrmidons are aloft, I
“ think I can’t fail of success, and then *pre-*
“ *nez garde*, Mademoiselle Harriot.---This
“ is

" is one of the drollest circumstances in
 " nature---Here is my lady *Freelove*, a
 " woman of sense, a woman that knows
 " the world too, assisting me in this de-
 " sign. I never knew her ladyship so
 " much out. How, in the name of won-
 " der, can she imagine that a man of qua-
 " lity, or any man else 'egad, would mar-
 " ry a fine girl, after---Not I, 'pon ho-
 " nour. No,---no---When I have had the
 " *Entamure*, let who will take the rest of
 " the loaf."---When I was present at the
 representation, I took notice, that the inju-
 dicious multitude recovered here, from the
 violent paroxysm of applause, under which
 they had laboured during the former part
 of the performance, and received this
 speech with a degree of indifference, scarce
 inferior to contempt.---But the truth is, it
 wants nothing, but the language of *A-*
thens, to make it nearly equal to any thing
 that is found among the Grecian play-
 wrights---To prove this, let the learned
 reader take the following specimen.

Σ Τ Ρ Ο Φ Η.

Αἰ, Αἰ, Αἰ.

Δυστυχὲς ἄνθρωπε!

F 2

E.

Εἰ Τερέντιος ὁ Τομεύς,

Συν Μυρμιδονεσὶ εαυτῶ,

Το ἔργον ἀθέμισον

Τελεῖη λίαν Φαυλῶς

Καὶ καλλίστην Ἀρριωτῶν

Ἀπιστῶς κινδυνεύσῃ!

ΑΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ.

Τοδὲ δοκεῖ μοι θαυμάσον,

Θαυμάστοτατον μὲν πάντων,

Ὅτ' Ἐλευθεριφιλία,

Τὸν τε νῦν ἔχουσα γυνή,

Καὶ τὸν κόσμον γίγνουςκεῖν,

Τέτο πρᾶγμα συμβέβηκεν.

ΕΠΩΔΟΣ.

Αἰ, Αἰ, Αἰ,

Οὐδέποτε οἶδ' εαυτῆς

Δεσποινά-ναῦν οὕτω ἐκ!

Πῶς ἐκείνη δύναται

Νομίζειν, εὐγενῆς ὁ τ' ἀνὴρ,

Ἡ ἀνὴρ ἀλλοθεν γενήτος

Εὐεῖδῃ γάμειν κερὴν

Βεληται, ἐπειδαν—;

Οὐχι, ἔχι—ὅταν ἔχοι

Πρωτὴν τμήσιν, πᾶς ὁ τυχῶν

Τὸν λοιπὸν ἄρτον ἐλάβῃ.

Page 55. *Harriot sola*. The young lady's complaint is entirely of the same nature with that of the old woman in the *Phormio* of Terence. — "*Quid agam? Quem mihi amicum misera inveniam? — Aut unde mihi auxilium petam?*" — Words applicable to every distress, and every character that ever was, or ever will be. — A judge, and a running-footman; a bishop, and an oyster-wench; a courtier, and a candle-snuffer; a toast, and her flea-catcher, may use the same terms to lament opposite calamities: — all which may be pathetically expressed in four emphatical words: — *What shall I do?*

Page 60. The intrepidity which Harriot shews, upon the sudden approach of Mrs. Oakley, is beautifully sketched out in a simile of Virgil's.

As compass'd with a wood of spears around,
The lordly lion still maintains his ground;
Grins horrible! retires and turns again,
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his
mane.

So HARRIOT fares,

———— Dryden.

Page

Page 61: *Oakley*. "She shall stay a minute, an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year."—Excellent chronologist! but as *Climax* is the very soul of composition, would not this *rational account* of the progress of time, have been more complete, and animated, if *Mrs. Oakley*, instead of insisting that *Harriot* should not stay a minute, had said she should not stay a *second*. And I think *Oakley* rather short (though perhaps it might be owing to the natural timidity of the man) that in saying, "'Sdeath madam, he shall stay for ever," he did not add, "And a day, if I chuse it."

Immediately after this, *Mr. Ruffet* comes in, in search of his daughter; and he, *Mrs. Oakley* and her husband quarrel in chorus for near two pages, till *Oakley*, almost covered by the superiority of their voices, is just heard to say:—" 'Sdeath, you will not let me speak."—Might he have been permitted to talk Greek, he would have said with greater success.—

Ἀνδρῶν ἐν πολλῶν ὁμάδῳ πῶς κεν τις ἀκυσσῶι
ἢ εἰπῶι.

Or,

Or, with justice Shuter :—

—“ If we all speak together, how
“ shall we be heard ?”

Which is so beautiful a sentiment, that all the Roman historians, poets, and orators, of any repute, have translated it into their own language. And if all the nations that have made use of it were to meet together in the Campus Martius, or Westminster-hall, they would probably go together by the ears, for the liberty and property of it, as the seven cities of Greece did for the birth of *Homer*.

By this time the noise within ceases : then after a noise without, *enter Charles drunk*. The author has candidly enough acknowledged his obligations to *Terence* for this scene ; who was, to be sure, the only man that ever introduced such a phenomenon upon the stage. Besides, there is so strict a similarity between *Syrus* and *Charles* ;—their conditions, ages, and tempers, tally so exactly, that I profess, if they were both in the same language, one character might be taken for the other. But indeed Mr. Colman has not done himself the justice
(which

(which I think was requisite) to inform the critical reader, that "*I love Sue, and Sue loves me,*" is not to be found in the original.—However, this was no reason why that elegant sonnet should be received with disapprobation; for though the Latin poet did not conclude his scene with an English song, yet *our Terence* is sufficiently justified in doing it, by the authority of nature, in a very humorous Greek poet.—

Οτ' εγω πια τον οινον
Τοτε μεν ητορ ιαυθεν
Διγαλνει αρχεται μεσας.

Whene'er I quaff the flowing bowl,
What hick-up phrenzy shakes my soul!
My voice immediately takes wing—
—For when I'm *drunk*, I always *sing*.—

When I reflect upon the hint thrown out in the advertisement prefixed to this play, that the character of Charles is copied from that of Tom Jones, I own I am struck with the author's disingenuity. — For though the learning of at least half of the polite world in this country, does not extend beyond a paultry novel, the *literati* cannot be ignorant that *Anacreon* himself was the original,
from

from which that picture was taken.—*Anacreon*, by the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, was, in his early youth, the sport of that blind goddess.—So was *Charles* in the Jealous Wife.—*Anacreon* had a soul above being concerned at any of the accidents that befel him; *Charles's* soul was high enough too; and if lord Trinket had accomplished his threats, would have been (like the brave *Mercutio's*) “A little way above his head.”—*Anacreon*, if he was attacked by melancholy and the spleen, immediately applied himself to the joy-creating bottle.—So did *Charles* in the country, and got his shins kicked for it.—But when their spirits were elevated by any sudden good fortune, they would each go and dine at the St. Alban's, invoke in rapture the jolly deity, get drunk and sing. ———

By the bye, I think it would not have had a bad effect from the stage, if *Charles* had taken that opportunity of exhibiting his abilities in *dancing*, as well as singing, since it is well known that wine is a considerable promoter of that exercise.—And in this he would have been supported by the same authority.

Οταν εις Φρενας τας εμας
 Εισελθῃ μεθοδοτας
 Διδασκει με χορευειν.

Bacchus, god of wit and mirth,
 Who gives invention easy birth,
 Inspires the eye with am'rous glance,
 And teaches mortal *Me* to dance.—

Besides, this would have been exactly like *Philip of Macedon*, who after obtaining the battle of *Cheronæa* (something like the engagement with lord Trinket) got devilishly drunk (just as Charles did) and displayed his admirable talents in dancing, singing, and apish abuse.—

Towards the close of this scene, there is an ambiguity which cost me a good deal of trouble to clear up.—The young man says, “ Who would have thought of “ finding her (*Miss Harriot*) in my own “ house.” I profess I always took it for his *uncle's*; and indeed upon enquiry, I found the neighbourhood all of the same opinion. But not to depend too much upon so slight an evidence in a matter of such consequence to the conduct of the plot,

plot, I went to the Commons and searched the will of old Sir H. Oakley, the young gentleman's father. — This Sir H. was a good sort of man, who used to amuse himself with cutting blocks of marble into two or three different shapes, and enjoyed the commission of the peace for the city and liberty of ———; for which service he was one of the first that received the honour of knighthood from our sovereign lord king William of glorious memory. —

The article of his will, which related to the house, was as follows:—“ Item, I give
 “ and bequeath the dwelling-house situate
 “ on the south-side of Grosvenor-square,
 “ now inhabited by myself, with all the
 “ outhouses, stables, and appurtenances, to
 “ my said *brother*, Charles Oakley, Esq;
 “ for his use and occupation, till my said
 “ *son* Charles shall arrive at the full age of
 “ twenty-five years; then, and from that
 “ time, the said dwelling-house, with all
 “ the outhouses, stables, and appurtenances,
 “ to become and remain in the possession
 “ and property of my said *son*, his heirs
 “ and assigns, for ever.” —

The next act opens with a curious debate between Mrs. Oakley and the Major, upon the old question, whether she should be master or mistress of her own family ; and there they go on, from one word to another, till the Major tells her, down-right flat and plain, " Come, come, sister, it " is time you should reflect a little. " My brother is become a public jest ; " and by and by, if this foolish affair gets " wind, the whole family will be the " subject of town-talk."—But here I cannot agree with the Major ;—for though the winds themselves may be frequently the subjects of town-talk, yet I do not conceive how any wind (an *Easterly* wind not excepted, which of all the cardinals is the sharpest) I say I do not conceive how any wind can make a *family* the subject of town-talk.—Had the Major kept up his windy metaphor, it would have stood thus. " If this foolish affair gets *wind*, the whole " family will be *blown* all about the town." Can any thing be clearer ? Can any thing be finer ?—*Blown* about the town ! It is a double-entendre too ; and besides, corresponds exactly with the opinion of the ancients, who used to say, fame flies—*ocyor-euro*.—Before I leave the topic of false metaphors,

taphors, I beg leave to congratulate the Major upon his new discovery of a "Whetstone for ill-humour," — mentioned in the same conversation, which really succeeds much beyond expectation for the first trial, as it sharpens Mrs. Oakley so much, that upon the strength of it, she turns the inventor out of doors.—In the height of the Major's joy at this success, he offers to play his brother for 's life at battledore and Mrs. Oakley.—While he is strutting about the stage full of glee, in comes Charles, cooing after his Harriot, and full of repentance for his last night's debauch; calls himself a *beast* and a *fool* for coming in at the *tail of the adventure*, and swears he's upon the *rack*. The Major no sooner hears that, than he kindly dismounts from his hobby-horse, to release his tortured nephew. Prithce be quiet Charles, says he,—never vex yourself about nothing, — she'll run *plum* into your *arms*, in spite of her father's *teeth*. This proposition I divide thus into three parts: first,—*she'll run plum*: secondly, *into your arms*: thirdly, *in spite of her father's teeth*. First then, "She'll run *plum*."—The commentators I find render this word, *perpendicular*; but as I don't remember to have seen any one run

perpen-

perpendicularly, I would rather read, in conformity to common practice, *horizontally*, which Sir Isaac Newton, in his *Principia*, writes *plenum-fed*.—The second part needs no illustration, for when once a woman in love is set a *running*, there's little doubt of her *running into her lover's arms*.—But, Thirdly, How her father's *teeth* should act in a contrary direction to this *plum-perpendicular-horizontal* impulse, I leave to the ingenious doctor Bradley to determine; who may also, by this time, be of very great service to Charles; for the unfortunate lad declares, in the utmost despair, at the top of the 70th page, that he does not know where to "*direct himself*."—Would any body but a relation of Captain O'Cutter, think of *asking a direction of himself*?—"But hush! here the porpus comes."—However, I shall leave him with the Major and Charles, and not suffer him, or any body else, to break in upon my train of mathematical ideas, which pass from hence immediately to the 75th page, where the Major proposes an *experimentum crucis*, for a demonstration of *Prince Rupert's* problem, *to make a WHOLE LESS THAN ITS PART*, by "turning the *house* out of *win-dow*."—

The

The next is a *problem* no less difficult to be solved.—DEATH ITSELF, says Harriot, (*Ibid.*) “shall not *prevail* on me to give my hand to Sir Harry.”—At first sight Miss Ruffet may seem to be in the right, and the *heedless* reader will probably make this rash comment:—‘No, I don’t know how the devil *death* should *prevail* upon her: for whose death can she mean, but her own, or Sir Harry Beagle’s? and then the match is broke off o’course.’—But, good Sir, that is not all—death alters people strangely: it may have as great an effect upon their minds, as their features; and though Miss Ruffet would not give her hand to Sir Harry, while he was alive, yet, when she was dead, she might be glad to accept of him.—

But those that *will not* when they MAY,
When they *will*, they shall have NAY.—

Solon declared nobody could be sure of any thing, till they were dead.—So far she’s *wrong*.—Now I’ll prove she’s *right*.—For though *narrow-sighted* people may suppose her to be *wrong*, and say, that *death* does not *make* marriages, but *mar* ’em, they are
egregi-

egregiously out in their common-place observations.—DEATH and HYMEN are now known to be the *same* person.—DEATH is the son of *Nox* and *Erebus*; HYMEN, of *Bacchus* and *Venus*—Then it only remains to be proved, that *Nox* and *Erebus* are *Bacchus* and *Venus*, and that they left behind them but one pledge of their mutual affection; which in my *Heathen Mythology*, to be published next year, will be made out as clear as the sun.—Therefore Harriot's in the *right*. Q. E. D.—In the mean time, I cannot but allow, that the Moderns, since they have no better *Hymen* than *Death*, are very prudent in declining matrimony.—

There seems, however, to have been a *secret reason*, for our Heroine's mortal aversion to *this* match; which, had it not been for *Terence*, would never have been discovered."—"How much trouble," says she, (page 78.) "has this *odius* fellow caused both to me, and my poor father!"—This could, positively, be taken from nothing but the following speech of *Pythias*.—"Eu-
' *nuchum quem dedisti nobis, quas turbas de-*
' *dit.*"—The delicate reader will not excuse a farther illustration.—

Page 81. I find Charles accused of being devoted to a *Vice*, which renders him "no longer a JUDGE." —

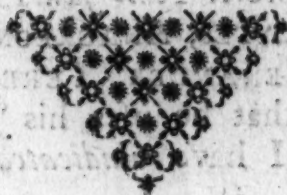
This evidently cannot be *drunkenness*, because---IN VINO VERITAS. And yet I must acknowledge myself equally unable to determine what other *Vice* it can be.---Perhaps Mr. Colman only intended by it, to settle for posterity, in some measure, the *Æra* in which this Comedy was written; namely, just before the passing of an act to confirm the *Judges* places for life; after which, I humbly conceive, there can be no *Vice*, properly speaking, which "renders a man no longer a JUDGE." —

QUID VERBIS OPUS EST? If Mr. Colman is, notwithstanding all I have said, determined to prefer *Tom Jones* to HOMER, VIRGIL, SOCRATES, ANACREON, JUVENAL, PLAUTUS, MENANDER, TERENCE, I say no more but that he uses his *Jealous Wife* very ill, and I have *vindicated* her to no purpose. —

Having now discharged my obligations to the public, I think it proper in this
H place

place to make my acknowledgments to my *indulgent* Cousins, the *Critical Reviewers*, for their kind assistance in the above critique; which, I must inform the gentle reader, was at first intended for their March-catalogue.---But finding them provided with *quotations*, sufficient to fill up the necessary number of sheets, without any inconvenience to themselves, I resolved to make a separate publication; and as it was not in my power to comply with their request of DEDICATING it to *Them*, hope they will affectionately accept of this my PERORATION.

F I N I S.



P O S T.



P O S T S C R I P T.

THE last sheet of copy having, on account of the Publisher's other engagements in the city election, &c. remained in the Author's hands till this day, the 16th of April, he gladly takes this opportunity of informing the Public, to prevent any further trouble or dispute about it, that neither Mr. *Lloyd*, Mr. *Colman*, Sir *Isaac Newton*, Mr. *Philobib*, no Critical Reviewer, or any other Gentleman, who may have occasionally been mentioned with applause, has been concerned, or consulted in writing, printing, or publishing them, or any part of them, notwithstanding the shrewed suspicions of the contrary, which might reasonably have arisen from the handsome things there said of them.—Who the Author is, however, I think a point well worthy consideration.

